Rudolpho is lying on his back, something odd and laughable. The NARFI whisky is on the table and Rudolpho looks at it. He gives an extra loud cough. I am in Africa. I am padding my canoe towards my hatched hut where my beautiful mulatto with a necklace of Tadjinar is cooking my palm wine: "Shall I open it?"

"So m," I tell him.

> I very rarely reach my small beautiful mulatto.

"How should I know?" I tell him. "Where the cork skew is?" We both know the bottle doesn't need a cork skew. Everything is futile, I am feeling dull.

"How do you manage without women?" I ask Rudolpho.

"Now do you?"

"I asked you first."

> I mustn't, he says at length.

On the left bank is a black panther shellng along the shore. Suddenly he means. He is caught in a trap. Rudolpho also gives another very long cough and I wonder whether I shouldn't use my telepathy. death for mercy killing.

The bottle is open. I want ice.

We drink the whisky. Rudolpho is in one of the Rudolpho moods. He pouts cryptically in a mouth schmopp glass, sits on the bed staring at the name put on the wall - a special strain of black, a favorite one. He sits staring at it then jeunes his
Whirly, in his very quick go, replenished his glass, then
stems again. Stem, gulp, replenish glass, stem
gulp, replenish glass. Great company.

"The National Democratic Party now have
12 seats in their. I tell him, so cheer up."
This makes him have another extra gulp in between
gulps of it more.

I look at Rudolpho as it strikes me I haven't
we haven't had a conversation for a very long time.
I walk take the two steps, from me and to the
room. I open, I return. I have my hand in the bottle
just as he is going to reach for it. His disturbing his
mouth, moreover. I am also abalbating the vein
was at the of his necking up and down.

"Something in got a gush", I sing. "Something got a gush
Bless the American Negro", I tell Rudolpho. In
the single thoughtful expression. Suddenly in Harlem,
a long time ago, a miserable roaming Negro
foresee "Rudolpho, sitting pacing, gulping, and
composed the following song: Something got a gush.
"Give me the bottle," he said.

"Something got a gush."
"Give me the bottle," he said.
I give him the bottle. The Mulatto? the
"Come Rudolpho", I say. "Come Uncle Aches...
el... leesa... hell, I must mention Hot Le
Ben Schmidt, Ashelbian-Armenian, Aschlopolan..."
Greek,
the banter will take you out. A smile. A nod being.
a glancing me. We shall win....

"Have you got money stored?"

"Yes, the 2 Rejkull," we shall win and win and
make win. We shall even win you a passport, an
identity papers, a personality. We shall win
you yourself—which you can be. In a Badeh. In
Bremen. Anja-Rudolph's. Have a change.
a home feel."

"How much?"

"One hundred and fifty marks. We shall hold the
bank. Angrily. While I still feel the fire," and I
take another deep nip from the bottle. "Quickly
drink. It goes straight your hopeless guest."
while "it is still fresh. For before the knowledge
of this country not the fragrance of my cigar."

Now, me....

"Please be quiet." He tells me. "I cannot feel like
laughing anymore."

"No?"

"No!"

"Almost then.

Almost there. Let us go and play Balsa?" and
Rudolph has another gulp and goes out of the
window. To get some water from the garden fad.

One day Rudolph is standing on between the
banks of east and west.某way.
He is standing there looking about the land
will do stuff at thinking. But I don't know
what he is thinking for. He is thinking
something to do with a problem perhaps.
He is a mathematician. Then he
is standing, when suddenly a policeman, a Vopo,
steps him on the shoulder.

I'll shoot in the air. Yes."

"What do you mean?" said Rudolph.

"What do you mean who do you mean?" asked the
Vopo. "Go on then, com. don't worry. I'm already
let very com for her."

"But I don't want to com," Rudolph says.

"What? you don't want to com?"

"No," Rudolph says.

"Me," says the Vopo. There is silence for a
while, and the Vopo is scratching his head. He
nudges his cd boots at Rudolph, as then
tells him, "It will, now you will have to
com, whether you want to or not."

"But why?"

"Why? because you will com. If you don't
com, you will obey him and kill people. Let
people com. So go on, run. Com."

"But ... But."

"No Brutus," the Vopo says. "I'm either com,
and I shoot you. I can't shoot..."
"so so," I say, and he says, "yes," the map. They called him after the war.
"so so," I say, "i am a Jew myself; actually.
"so?" he says.

"yes," I say. I keep of myself as an free thinker.

I took a short walk. Andria Ashdown, wearing a black, with and ready for an old gentleman. Puts

up the telephone. (in my pocket.)

"don't worry," she says, "i shall not tell anyone."

"thank you," I say, "and also not say anything about you."

But you last time with

"oh, that's almost the same," she says, "here.

I go to the pub and lean against the bar. Everyone is near me and at the bar. I am keeping

monica will get drunk and come home with me

later on, or me a clock when they close.

"now get yourself," i tell him, "a drink or something."

"do you want to get me drunk?"

"yes," I say, "yes, well,

alright," she says, "i'd like to come with you

this afternoon."

I stop paddling my canoe or once. I can

store myself with bringing other clothes.

I knew most of the men in the pub. Good solid,
efficient, but German, citizens. Understanding,

honest, efficient. Forster. And the map,

all of them."
You and I stopped you from coming. Poor Rudolpho! How to save. As he comes the rope shoots. In the air, he even tells Rudolpho he is very short he whole lesson. On the other side, they all write我个人 to proclaim Rudolpho a hero. Of course Rudolpho would not stay in great patriotic form after my own way. It is much simpler.

It is Sunday morning. I am in Africa. I am paddling my canoe towards my thatched hut when my beautiful mulatto wife with a necklace of jasmine is cooling my palm wine. The church bell starts ringing. I make a wet trial. The Pope: unusually. I don't know what to do with myself, so I paddle further on. One day I asked Rudolpho; Rudolpho cocked his head, "How do you manage with women?"

"How do you?" he asks.

"I asked first "Arrey,"

"I morterote," he says.

I get out of bed and dress up. Round the corner is a pub. It is a kept by a woman called Franciska Kalsinki as her daughter Monica. They are from 2... in Poland. One day I asked Monica why they left Poland.

"Why did you come to Germany?"

She pulls me across the bar and says: "He had been a Nazi. He murdered a lot of Jews."

O.B.
The man in the room glanced at my kind heart. I decide to take a large path, or longer the one.

Chekov, Gigi, Lenin, Dostoyevsky, Bette and Rand Paul, Balzac, Carte and many more — we are celebrating the first of the year. After a meal and toast, I turn to Gigi sitting near me.

"Gigi," I tell him, "do you ..."

"No," he says, "No. I know what you want.

Then no dancing girls.

"Alright," I say.

"Correct," he says.

"Yes."

"Sleep."

"Arise."

I look at the clock. It is twelve o'clock.

It is twelve o'clock and there is another hour to go. Till me a clock. I am not very wise.

Monica will come out, the alcohol makes me optimistic. Three men sitting around a table want me to play skat with them. I know two of them but not the third.

"Come on Ashik, we prefer playing four."

"No," I say, "I am going soon."

"Come me. Just one game."
'She's pulling. They need very good tonics. Did you get good sedatives?'
'And forays?'
'Why? I'll help. Good sedatives again. Let's take
her up.'

Cromwell and Maitland, herman and Helmsman
Zephyr and Locust Roth

I offer Monica another brandy.

This next half post eleven. Nine been paddling for
over three months. The water has been clear-
ing around the mouth. We put the first thirty miles, the
mouth (without reaching the mouth). While Monica
is going round the shore, our current. I drink my
beer and try to think of something other than Sea.
Having killed Bertrand, I am now home to kill Vaches. I
am disappointed with the death of Voozerd. It was
too quick. I did not have time to enjoy it.
I am an old and idealist Roman Empire.
I am humility, justice, modesty, pacifism and
other goodness all of me. Androcles and the
Lion.
I am at the arena. I give the order to the
training lions to emerge beneath me, with pens drawn
for protection in their hands, stand Vaches, in
old Smith, Wallace, Ky. Chang Kai Cheek. All five
'another beer and a kip for me.' Tell
Monica, '... and a brandy for you.'
'You are milking today.' He says.
"No," I repeat.

"Ah!" He bounds up gayly, "what you do can't play.

"He plays better than you," Monica tells him.

"You say," said Monica, "can play, boy!"

I turn and go to the man, break America to

"It is quite probable," Mr. Schmidt tells me."

That your father was German. Eight with the Thaelman

brigade, oh, of course, the Enrico regiment."

And who commanded was Kate of the time."

"No," I told him, "I don't know."

"No No," he laughed, "of course you eyes were not open

yet."

"No No." I tell him again back, "but they are now.

He is not sure whether to note of this aid, to be

trustfully, written do I.

"There was a lot of going and coming of the time."

he says. The I notice in a reflection in my mother,

whenever she was

"There was also many other people, worldlust

figure then of the time."

"Oh! the days of the I while." I repeat them now.

As various times, I see myself of the son of

various people. Andrei Ornell, Andrei Piresco,

Andrei Aznar, Andre Caballero, Andre Henriques

(Andrei Mbovaux, Andrei Borba, sister - I have

gone through them all and even, in a various
extreme poetic licence, andri le passimana.
I spoke to inu Smirke der N. der N.
"Andri Francois" he says, stating or me, "Andri Moli,
Andri Prince de Rimsa." He is a very the bastard.

The third man I notice the third man has come
cd is standing near me. He is slightly drunk
he-like his companions will either be intoxicated
on aquavit.
"you are not effected?" he asked me.
"Carry not" I say.
"Good" he shouts "you must have a dish with
"Carry on" I say.
"What?"
"A beer at a kroh" he says,
"Give him a double beer at a time," he tells
me.
Maria looks at me ad wiser. Under
a lady by name of Miss, so-in which, or I expected
he insist on paying talks.
"Are you Syrian?" he asks.
"No," I tell him, "I am not.
"We list down him.
"Och lui Algeran" I tell him.
"Oh, he shouts: Algerian? Norzer was?"
"Yes," I tell him. "I am Algerian. And Bargoin
backed a copy from the Neli Demiel in
Alexandria with his native tongue speak within
Maria.
"What," I say, "Norzeri."
"That's right," I say. "Nazi."

He nudges me with his elbow then lechers me with his finger. I am standing by a red-eyed man to me, but I pull my ear back to myself.

"Bloody Nazi," he snaps. "And bloody hell."

"Fishy," he whispers. "All of them."

"Verdammt Juden." The man tells me. "They are all over the place."

"Yes," I tell him, "everywhere."

"Nazis," he screams externally while I tell him to stop short his bloody mouth.

Monika's mother suddenly appears from behind the bar as my heart skips. She matches the headless ghost from one of my old films into the ninth. A large fat woman who looks at me straight into the eyes. I hesitate for a while but after another look at her, I pick up my paddle. I give a few more paddle strokes, and she rises.

I give the paddling system to the man. He is in the eye and we are no longer speaking at all. He is speaking and we are no longer looking at him.

"You white," I tell the man.

I start to think of something for the man in a visible face.

Despite the Nazi woman's knowledge of how to make her husband return to mob. Much more than she actually is in fact.
The man is still talking. I nod and give him a nod now and then. He keeps asking and as I am getting drunk. In my pocket is 480 D.M. My salary, and I think I shall go and gamble. To keep me mind off Monica not being around.

Memories of a past glut access as I lay to listen him or me. Peace and Hades Friends and England. "Votre part de sejone ne nej plus...; I am drunked by the Under Secretary of State ...?"

"you see," says Smith. "My wife believes would entirely would accept you. And what is wrong with here?"

"Nothing," I tell him.

"Yes," the man says. "I think glass with him. It is me asked and I pay to him.

Monica's mother is still looking at me.

I decide to go away. On the opposite side of the street, waving at me, is Monica. I am nearly run over by to reach the other side.

"Why were you so long?" she says.

"I didn't know you were waiting," I tell her.

I am Andrew Ash of the elegant Ash family. A man who keeps women waiting for him outside the pub.
First I took her to a pool. We both
sitting drinking. We had hardly anything to say
to each other. We were complete strangers except that
one day she let me make love to her. We drank in
silence.
"My mother would kill me if she knew I am with
you," she says.
"Yes?" I say, "Why?"
"Well... well, because you are... you are..."
"Ah yes?"
"No. Do you think she told him this?"
"What then?"
"You are different. To day you are..."
"Are we not even wearing a tiara now?"
"One," I say.
"You don't even have a car.
"No!"
"And the kitchen, you can't talk, you can
you?"
"No,"
"Yes, yes, but you don't even pretend you
are English."
I don't know what to say so I order another
two brandies.
"But I like you. She says. "Because... because
you didn't tell when I came with you."
"Who shall I tell?"
"Oh, you knew, have a drink do and go on."
"Why should I tell?"
"Who will they tell, ain't they? I mean they tell you and tell each other."
"Why say I tell?"
"Aint you afraid? I mean don't it make it easier to say "I slept with Maria Kolinsky."
She puts her hand beneath my pillow and rubs my stomach. "I do like you, she says. It is the body. We drink together and upon every other occasion.

I am in the clairvoyant stage of distraction and what I see is pathetic. Since this life, has passed me with nothing greater than a consummate desire to miss my physical body with the risky headed and very sensible girl with whom individual..."

"Come without telling," I tell her. "Let us go home and listen to my music."
"Shall we have another drink?"
"A whole bottle," I tell her. "While we start going on my way from the Kemphoff planet which belongs to the Gemini twin union."

Then we have bought the bottle, she says. I ask another drink.
"Don't you want to buy another for her?"
"Yes."
"That 27th of June
'From me,'

I look up. It is a child. An apostle. 

"I am drunk and very cheerful. I put a very foreign accent because it amuses them (Verdant and others). Let the one and all, she come miles."

"Two packets? She runs off three in each.

"Then packets. Tony Better than give me these."


"It was a woman. I tell Amicia all the verses——

It is expected, she means art bargaining. Tell me what a man ought not and tell the truth.

We are in a good mood. My name is in every who are looking. Nothing might happen. Nothing does. We need my money to one that is safe.

I am now a less the solace for he stole nothing. Like she is in trouble. We."

It was a woman. I tell Amicia.
Andulpha is laying olling a nap of hie bed smokin and
coughing. He paws a whisky in a small slumped glass,
spilling ot a stain on the noll, a special white puse sauce
upon it. A gulp is slided in me very quick so.
Kepheinins hi pless he stain again. Stain, gulp,
nuphine yers, gulp stain, gulp. Laching company.
"I couldn't come yesterday" I tell him. I don't
tell him about nothing. He is very daugh so it is.
"The N.P.P. are giving meals today," I tell hi by
way of conversation. This makes him have an extra
gulp of the between gurps of it were. He gives me a
long drawn enough of I under his wilg telepathiy is
for many hollup.
I walk up at an aspect of him, three steps for
me red of its hole to the other. I line my had on the
bottle - he is going to reach frist. This disheops his
rhythm. I am also allikeing the stain and
so keep of this nothing.
"Something's got to givin't me. "Something's got
to givin'."
"Give me the bottle," he says.
I give it to him as he give a quoth long quoth
coughed regulary.
On the table is half a loaf of stale bread, I touch
his rerpot when I know he has toatked brend the
name clean, mine, and cigarette ends which he
dream is stlll to use. Outside the neother winde,
whih part - the mercedes, the Wolfs wagon ed
was the good new about the portrait picture. I put the oil brush with my foot. It is empty. "You will love to come and live with me," I tell him. For a while.

He shakes his head.

"It's going to be a cold winter," I tell him.

Continue with him. Gulp, gulp, gulp.

"Listen," I tell him. "Listen seriously now. You are being romantic or my blood pressure is down. That means that now, I don't mean anything. I have no story about you. All the hype, look at you... an absolute waste... shining... anything in what? What what?" I scold him. "What? What purpose? What earthly use?"

He shakes his head. He takes the bottle. He sits down before him. "Answer me," I shout.

"What do you want me to do?" he says quietly.

"Let me talk to him. I tell him myself," I shall explain anything.

He shakes his head. "Even if I did let them tell him. They will accuse you of leading me. They will never get you a passport again."

I take the bottle. I hand myself back a good sense of the bottle. I give it to him.

I sit beside him and have a sip away to each of my gulps. The bottle is nearly empty. After breakfast. And then I dress with my clothes. And then decide to shoot it out with the
which shows that just got a chance. The strains and the doubtless
alcohol cure up the gallbladder.

Outside it is dark and a ray of red is beamed into the hole. I feel
rapp'd of energy and strain through it as we sit thus in silence. My number too has shinned up and I feel a terrible loneliness. And in the read
I think of our history set in art with bong and don't and can't too
brave to think to this up with account to express the story. In many
his terrors at me and my life. His upper lips have
blackened off. He is crooked teeth and a large

piece of gun.

What about this pen? is this the Correct pen
for me


The table in my hand is"}

Outside it is dark and a ray of red is beamed into the whole. I feel
rapp'd of energy and through it as we sit thus in silence. My number too has
shinned up somewhat. I feel not quite-


I am sick as to have a doctor's certificate
to prove it to collect my sick benefits.

Andolphus is sleeping in a corner on the floor near the radiator as he does't catch 10 waks
now.
"Your Australian friend is always so very polite," she
made tells me. "Has he stayed with you?
"I don't know," I tell her. He has often stayed with
me.
"The Australian must be very poor," she says.
"The one in," I say. And later she came down
with an enormous envelope to which my
smiling visitor.
We don't talk to each other. Rudolph and
sometimes I read him, verbally. To see whether
he is beginning to be demented.
"Rudolph," I tell him. "I am going to buy a
car."
"Sitting on the matraua, he stretched his
hand and picked up a cigarette with long fingers.
when he doesn't answer. I ask him what the
I should buy.
"(To me," I tell him. "Advises me.
He stands up and leans against the window, his
head touching the glass pane.
"Don't start him," I start. "The police won't
see you." Suddenly I hope him to imagine him
dropping dead. I would bury him in the Salbur
and no one would ever know. Put a cross on
... "Rudolph," I ask him. "If you died,
how would you like you buried place named?
... a cross? a foundation? tell me, a
Spanish Republican hero?"
He turns and at last at me, saying, "Andrea," he
naps quietly. "It will be terrible for you if I died here.
What would you do? They've known you've been leer-
ig me."

Andrew Ashe. I am walking up Southampton Row. I
am carrying books and papers filled with writing and
sentences underlined. I have just left the
British Museum where I have been since nine
of clock ed and it is seven in the evening. Although
I could afford a car, I hardly have a scooter. It's all
I need really. And since that I hardly see except
to drive from up to our cottage, ed leave it packed
here. The traffic. All the traffic. At the corner of
K Street Santa is waiting. She smiles radially.

... I am hardly aware of her, the girl wants to
kissing. I forget all I was reading ed see
the long leaning pretty face girl. I come close
to her as we look at each other eyes.

"Andrew," he says, slowly ed long stretch. She
looks herself home, keeps my ed gives me back
a hung ed a kiss, rubbing her head against my
cheeks.

"I love you," she says. We are kissing together.

"Andrea," Rudolph says. "It is seven seven a clock.

"Heave more coffee then," I tell him. "And big the

cigarettes."

I have been alone for an hour now. I have killed a
lot of people. The room. Everyone mostly Billie... terrible silent bloodthirsty. I squirmed with the mullahs. "I am fed up with you." ... I told her, then I had a brief
affair with one of the Redgrave daughters, I forget whose... little, scantly... I wrote a play for them to appear together. It became simple, grand, in love at last with a new lover. Janice do, fact. * * * * * *

Roodolpho was a free craft in the kitchen. Every time I am lying, through the door, I can see his back. The hammer reaching up his arm, his
brown cotton shirt strongly making a semi-circle where his back side is (because of a slight lump) at the back of his head, looking slyly, not through
dirt, but because of my hair myself.

"You need a haircut," I said. "Fagan."
He turns and and gives me a smile... one that
I think of two kinds' game. The scolding Fernando.

"Andres, would you like a bath?" I ask.
A bath? He is going to run it for me the idiot.
C'est le Embro. The Earl of Ash's badder.

"How you gone need?" I tell him. "Don't you
think I can saw it myself? Am you
turning into a servant?" I asked, but
I am not a free man. I am a slave. I am not a
free man. I am not a slave. I am not a
free man. I am not a slave.
I sit up in bed.

Suddenly Southampton had and got out of bed.

"Rudolph," I ask him, "what would you like to eat to-day?" He doesn't answer. He suddenly decides to polish the sink and the tap with the towel. Rudolph

"Tell me," I repeat, "it might be your last meal." Scrub, scrub, scrub. His ears are suddenly very red and I can see in his neck is opening crimson rap. I get out of bed. With me jump hopes of my sickness.

"Where is the coffee?" I shout, "where is..." But I can't go anywhere. Kitchen. I tell him.

"A feast, Rudolph," I tell him, "a feast," to cheer him up and also because he has been eating too well lately. "A feast with wine," I repeat, "appetites, digestifs... taxatifs... if you wish," I go into the kitchen but am meeting self-conscious and fast-living atmosphere. "Shall we have a delicious meal," I say in a laughing manner, "Rudolph?"

I am useless the coffee ad match him from the corner of my eye my busy cleaning motor part of the tap, his head b Decorating the desk. I am unable to think of a convenient character for myself at the moment. From Andre' Ashleigh, a French intellectual not given to sentimentality?

"Indiscreet and deeply narcotic?" The plight of Rudolph's is a common "primit de la
co-relations superficielles entre les espèces d'une sensibilité intellectuelle et étc. etc. I myself, capable de maintenir une telle situation... Manuelly, guaranteesinkle la co. Pau. with lightheaded fission

"Une omelette?" asks Sebastian, to liven an atmosphere before the applicant. The mood is

shifting as he stands on his manners, yelling it up which means he intends to leave, to

return to his hole. I am not let him. Time is worn that absence makes the

heart grow fonder, it is better to keep him here and not be afraid of him.

"Will you have an omelette?" I ask again, in

a matter-of-fact voice.

"Andrea," he says, "I am leaving."

"Yes," I say, carrying the coffee over to him. "I can see that." I take the coffee in and sit down. Sky and button my pajama tops but they slip open again. "So," I say, "you are going to leave. For

when they ride in they go to give you a job on

the building into - no paper - anything needed - you suddenly want to leave - just when I

am sick too." I take the medical certificate

cut for the bedside table and shake it sturdy with

my hand. I also give a few crumples because it

says I have bronchitis.

"I'll take the mall Bogomile," Andrea says. He
Though he has anything to take put in it—except looks
doing mine, too. He is walking with difficulty
something heavy in his hands. Between them probably.

"You'd better stop," I tell him, although you know on
better your hemorrhoids are worse, aren't they? "I diagnose
accurately, it is hemorrhoids. He can get rid again, the
food.

I pour the coffee and give him a cup. "How about
Your golf?" I ask him.

"That golf?"

"The one I'm just told you about. From today's husband
is doing one black market building. He said he
needed men.

He takes down and holds the cup delicately with his
big fingers.

"I realize I irritate you..." I tell him.

"Shut up," I tell him. "You would irritate me more
by going away. I threw him a cigarette and men
light it to him." That irritates me so he's
silent much judgment you thrust upon me with
each glance of yours.

He laid in bed and made smoke rings.
Andre Ashleir above it all. No, nota Andre
Ashleir. Despairing beneath his surface of romantic
girman calm.

Andulpho, so far as I know, it's always
Andulpho, a Andulpho rather nice it is
I wouldn't him, and I can't understand
how he can have been Rudolph all the time.

I have reached the end of the cigarette. I think of new ways of dividing time a day. In cigarette, in another 5 minutes or so, I shall write lights another cigarette. Then, after some more coffee I'll smoke another cigarette as help and have later, yet another.

"What time is it?"

"2nd" or "between 4 and 5".

Of course staying at home would be different to being in the office or in a pub.

So the answer should be "2nd at home." or "2nd pub" or 5th office."

I tell Rudolph about this plan. It's of course I tell him, you would rather have to say "I haven't got the time." I gave a short laugh - a chuckle - the way English clucks.

I can just go. But somehow, while one of the barricade, when I suddenly think of the

..."Rudolph," I say, "Something very strange happened last night. Something in fact."

"I'd have woken you," I had given him
a bottle of which we will soon gamble). My
brother made him look up.

"I am a lot of money, you," I tell him. But
that is not what I want to tell you. Rudolph!" I repeat.
There was a letter for you in the post box.

"A letter?"

"Yes, I say.

"It is impossible."

I took the letter from my coat pocket and gave it
to him. It was handwritten, addressed to
Ashel, and added "c/o Ashel, Murr Road, Rudolph
Park, Lisv, Ashel, etc.

"You're still a student, Rudolph? - mum mid,
ith the Ashel. I wonder at doing like that.
And that very much.

The letter is from Herr Schmidt. We read
it out and read it. It calls him to give a report
to the police 'to me personally' - to see himself
up in fact.

"Rudolphnik" I suggest, or "Rudolphnik".

"Has he been?" Rudolph asks "who -
"of course?"

"Perhaps the C.I.A. told him," I laugh say.

The C.I.A. is very much in the news these days.
Perhaps I am an agent myself. Ace, Andy
Ace, directly dealing guns and internecine digress,
everyday before I utter a word. I sit walk up
and down Herr Schmidt's office, one hand in my pocket, and lighting a cigar Herr Schmidt lit for me.

"Say, I finally met a fellow with a blare of smoke. "That guy -- what's his name was? That guy Adolf -- a Rudolph, whatever you wanna call him. Say, that guy might come in useful."

"Tell me. I got an angle, wanna try it out."

"Something might. Like a few articles in Düsseldorf."

"You know."

"Rudolph," I say, "perhaps they'll go to give you a job."

"What?"

"The office."

But he's not with me. Not following me as it were. Another person that I've never met called himself Emily, I suppose. Ace Andy Andy Andy, not lonely C.C.A. again.

The Americans have discovered abstraction. Hindi. "Nailing him," for example, I take my much-attended "school" not going to school, but "schooling me about this stuff!"

Who does? A terrible feeling.

Back to Schmidt. I am entitling Rudolph into the organisation. "I can work for him," I say. "A more self-sacrificing character. And not mercenary at all -- I insist on buying his agent."

"Agreed, eh?"

"Yes."

"What kind of agent?"
While the golfer is glancing at the letter in his hands, I
open an agency for C.I.A. agents. I make a fantastic
amount of money (I take ten percent of their earnings).
"Tara, a short and a job," I advertise in all the
papers. "Smart go-ahead well-connected person of a
certain (Dublin) intellect wanted. A worthwhile position
in the office of a large and important firm. Absolute discretion guaranteed.
I throw in a look at the letter again. I feel

The golfer stays. "I am not paid through the nose and
I begin to nurse my bronchitis out of doctors' certificates.
I am unable to face the frost and the large, ungainly
act I must.

I arrive at the workshop giving a quick nod and
brush past straight in to the manager. He in
pleased to see me
"Good you're back," he says.
"Yes, my thanks," I say, "Schillo."
Oh, tack me because I make him laugh.
"What is the matter with you?"
"Terrible things, banana capital.
"Such a what?"
"Articulate the outlook, master. The one in
plastic and fragmentation of the brain in separate pieces
views each case in a particular thought."
"Close the door," he says.
I close the door to his office and not open
on the armchair facing me.

"My dear, we are off to England."

"I know, darling."

I arrive Monday morning. I am glad to see you again.

"You back, aren't you?" You start off very glad indeed.

"We are off," I reply. I see a new friend for the first time.

"That's good and proper," he says. "But I know it should be

we go away and come back on Saturday."

I give an exaggerated sigh. "Dear enough, darling."

You are at my hand to my friend, expecting more.

I suspect some.

The range gives me a wink.

"What ails you?"

"I know what's the matter with you," he whispers.

I look up. He is fiddling with the files behind me.

"What?" I ask.

He bends down and leans the back of my desk.

"Ailing is the matter," he says, opposite me.

John the Surgeon shows me a map. He cannot see him because he

there are piles of sheets on my desk. The range pops up

and nearly knocks my head off.

I don't mind when I start with my work, when to start.

I start writing a letter, and walk away from it, but the

dog moves me back sharpen. The range is a holiday

and you are going to sock me. Immediately. He is

on the phone to Colonel David Hyphen Smith.

"That chap I told you about, sir. Not doing a damn
thing. Yes, sir. I'll read him over the voice." He booked me out and I got the nicotine head gain.

"Commanding officer wants to see you. Backsmart.

"Try a nondescript look but my heart is missing. I already see myself as "gaste arlicica" on night shift in the Kobelmeer, next to the railway lines. Ricken

"One shot by the quick coward.

The song has returned to an old-looking song.

"Oh, how the elegants!" he shouts.

"Sarge," we butt, says, "Learn what you're doing next time.

I walk towards the Commanding officer's tent. Just opposite the swimming pool at the swimming club is part of the tennis courts. Not far from the smoking club opposite is the officer's club where the Thompson and Thompson

writers on polishing silver. Behind the tennis courts which are below the Blue Bar and the ATTIC Bar was there a nip of duty calls for Horpine and the Gun's

Doric is thrown in for free. Viva Nato.

I pull myself together. I have called in the Kobelmeer and Korn's. A stranger cut an object and piece under and then I am well off. And then I think of Herr Schmidt. He

wanted to get this respectable job she disappointed.

"How dy' do, sir?" I say. The Shatterer the Colonel. No

ordnary foreman then.

"Er... how dy' do," he answers out of habit.

"Public School Andrew?" he meeting an old old boy.

"You are...?" He starts into my face.
"I'm Andrew Ashe, Colonel. I'm working for Major Buckley in the pay office."

"I see...yes. Do not do please... Andrew Ashe...you are...you belong to the locally employed German Hof, I believe."

"Off... Sir... I'm not German."

"Oh... What..."

"German? Not at all, sir."

Andrew Ashe, I may say, upper middle class with overlapping lower middle class here and there. Generally, bourgeoisie at some high church. CAFÉ with a hint of Catholicism for color. Strictly public school and the tripos."

"Ashe?" The Colonel asks.

"Ashe, Colonel." Sir, originally from Buckinghamshire. Not of my family, completely with the family, not even Ashes... and even Ashes."

He is interested, and I think him out a nice person also. Mr. Schmidt would confirm the possibility. Faster a high-ranking British officer holidaying in Spain with his very pregnant wife. Bomb, death of family, delivery of child. Myself. Chaos of civil war etc. Various orphanages and adoption.

"He was not very bad, but not as similarly."

"Don't you get along with Wo & Butt?"
I say that I don't mind WO1 Butt at all. I say that WO1 Butt doesn't like public school boys. I've got the Col. to pad. I say that I fear reading my special edition of Byron, Shelley and Keats during lunch time because of WO1 Butt's wrath. I am to the memory of WO1 Butt's gibes. WO1 Butt is a radical, a socialist, a communist. WO1 Butt is the scourge of the Educated. WO1 Butt is . . .

"Not," I say, "that I have anything against WO1 Butt."

"Amit," says the Col. He humbly, a public school boy, understands. He doesn't read.